

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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In speaking to the editor of the Citizen the other day Mr. Louis P. Shoemaker, president of the Brightwood Citizens' Association, said:

"YOUR PAPER IS CERTAINLY DOING GOOD WORK FOR THE SUBURBS AND SUBURBAN PEOPLE. IT IS A GREAT PITY THE OTHER PAPERS, TOO, DON'T DEVOTE SOME SPACE TO OUR INTERESTS."

Andersen, the Norwegian explorer, has planned an expedition to sail next year from Copenhagen to carry out the researches in connection with the magnetic pole discoveries made in 1831 by Sir John Ross. The magnetic pole is believed to have since changed its position, and the object of the expedition is to definitely determine this fact, which is one of great importance to navigation, whose safety is dependent upon an accurate knowledge of the pole's position and of the variations in the compass from a true north east and west of the meridian in which the pole is located. The expedition will return in 1905.

Bandit Tracy's last act was a real service to the community. He was in a fair way to become a hero of the Jesse James type with the probability that he would have a greater or less number of emulators. At last, however, after defying the power of the law for fifty-eight days over a territory of 1500 miles, he was forced either to submit or take his own life. That he chose the latter alternative merely enforces the lesson that laws may not be defied with impunity. Seeing that no one would do it for him, Tracy pointed his own moral and saved the State any further trouble and expense on his account.

At present there seems to be every reason to think that the wonderful material prosperity of the United States will last for at least two or three years longer. The principal assurance to this effect is found in the current crop reports promising an increase in the corn crop of more than a billion bushels over last year's crop and a wheat crop 40,000,000 bushels above the average for the last five years. These are Government figures, and in estimating their value it is well to remember that last year the estimates of the wheat crop were 90,000,000 bushels below the actual harvest while the corn crop was 200,000,000 bushels above the estimates.

HURRY CAUSES ILLS.

Nervous Diseases That Are Due to Stress of City Life.

To point to the hurry and stress of modern town life as the cause of half the ills to which the flesh to-day is heir has become almost a commonplace in aetiological diagnosis. The old-fashioned complaints, says the London Lancet, might almost excite a medical man's pity, so much do they seem to be crowded out by those active, widespread young fellows, neuritis, neurasthenia and a whole young family of nervous illness, the offspring of the strained existence of to-day.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and to-day it appears that the nervous system is the weakest link of the organism. The weakness is not natural. It is acquired because the strain upon this link is so often and almost constant and out of proportion to the wearing power of the material. Whether as generations advance individual nervous systems will more easily bear the labors asked from them or not, at any rate, it may fairly be assumed that in the early days of any new style of life the generations born under an old regime have the worst of it.

We may imagine future generations perfectly calm among a hundred telephones and sleeping sweetly though airships whizz among countless electric wires over their heads and a perpetual night traffic of motor cars hurtle past their bedroom windows. As yet, it must be sorrowfully confessed, our nervous systems are not so callous. Some of us still start at the telephone ring, and find the irregularities of the instrument a source of irritation and worry.

Fortunately, the very causes of nerve exhaustion, so far as improved rapidity of locomotion may be counted one of them, provide one important counter-acting feature of town life at the present day. We are alluding to the facility with which those whose week days are spent in city toll may spend the seventh in breathing the fresh air and beholding the innocent joys of the rustic.

Without trains, electric tramways and motor cars, a wholesome change of scenery and surroundings would be scarcely possible in the limited time available.

We do not wish to underrate for a moment the value of parks and open spaces—the "city's lungs." For many these afford the only possibility of a Sunday in at any rate comparatively fresh air. Those large numbers, though, who habitually find the Sabbath's rest in a day's wholesome exercise at some little distance from their work-a-day centre may spare a moment from the usual condemnatory attitude toward the bustle, rush and clatter of up-to-date locomotion to bless the means which enable them so profitably to enjoy the day.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is a mistake to suppose that the highest good in life is to earn an exceptional salary or to accumulate great wealth.—Success.

The poor must fight, when not with each other, with nature. No wonder they crave the kindly buffer of wealth which interposes between man and man. Peace is a luxury.

The world insists that age and wisdom must go hand in hand; the solemnity and profundity of a young physician's hems and haws increase in direct proportion with the growth of his beard.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Humphry Davy.

Of old, the fool said in his heart that there was no God; now he says that the infinite universe is the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances. If you will stop to think about it you will notice that he has not progressed much in the meantime.

It will take a long, long time to teach the snob, the lackey out of us, to transform us from wealth and rank-worshipping creatures, inheriting our abasement of soul from endless generations of subservient ancestors, into self-respecting, self-owning democrats, valuing other men for what they are and not for what they have in the way of either property or position.—Arthur Brisbane.

It is a great thing to know how to be helped, to hold one's self in abeyance, with due restraint, even effacement, while a brighter, sweeter, nobler, or lowlier personality sets our house in order, dusting the useless debris from our souls, changing the color, tone, atmosphere of our dull existence, bringing harmony and repose into the discord of our poor lives or wearied-out existence.

Making New Business.

The idea is being dissipated that when a man advertises he simply draws trade away from others. The manager of a well-known agency says: "Advertising creates business—it does not take from one man to give to another." The success of other establishments in the same line, he maintains, is due to the new trade they create.

A Warning to Mothers.

When a young girl begins to confide to her mother how silly it is for other young girls to pay any attention to boys, that is the time for her mother to look out for her own little girl.—New York Press.

Prince Charlie's tartan cloak which he wore during the rebellion in 1745 is now being exhibited in a tailor's window at Pitlochry, Perthshire.

Are you Correct and Quick at Figures?
Are you an Accomplished Penman?
Can you write a good Business Letter?
Can you make out an Invoice?
Can you make out a Statement?
Can you make out an Account Sales?
Can you draw Drafts?
Can you draw a Check?
Can you draw up Promissory Notes?
Can you make out Bills of Lading?
Are you an expert Bookkeeper?
Do you understand Double-Entry thoroughly?
Can you keep a Cash Account?
Can you make Partnership Settlements?
Do you know how to transact business with Banks?
Do you understand Commission and Brokerage?

OR

Do you understand Foreign and Domestic Exchanges?
Do you know Commercial Arithmetic?
Are you an expert Accountant?
Do you know the short methods of Calculating Interest?
Do you understand Percentages?
Do you understand Trade Discounts?
Do you understand Commercial Law?
Can you draw up Business Papers?
Can you "average" Accounts?
Can you write Shorthand?
Can you operate a Typewriter?
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Do you understand Shorthand and Typewriting?

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VILLAGE BLOTTED OUT BY SHIFTING SANDS.

Not alone volcanoes, floods and cyclones show the inability of man to cope with the aroused forces of nature, as a recent dispatch from Los Angeles, Cal., show.

Just across the mountains to the east of Redlands, Cal., in the Mojave desert, lies the village of Indio, a station on the Southern Pacific railway. Two years ago it was surrounded by an arid waste of sand. Nothing grew there—not even sage brush. It was as desolate and dreary a waste as Death Valley, 100 miles to the north-east.

Someone put down an artesian well and found abundant water a short distance below the surface. Other wells were sunk. Water was turned on the land and the desert began to blossom. Land which had been worthless began to sell at all the way from \$20 to \$100 per acre.

And this land grew anything. It produced melons every month in the year. It grew alfalfa six crops yearly. Anything that was planted produced huge crops. Indio was the center of a fertile and fruitful district.

FRIENDS TO LIFT HER BURDEN

Calamity Jane's Sorrows Touch the Hearts of Old Associates.

There is a movement on foot for collecting money to be used as a charity fund for Calamity Jane, who is now in the country that lies around Yellowstone park, says the Butte Inter-Mountain.

"A move was recently started over our way to have Jane removed to the Park county poorhouse," said a Butte man, "and she flatly refused to go. I do not blame her in the least for doing so and I am in favor of collecting enough money to make Jane comfortable in her old age."

"Think of the many kindly acts she has done for others when she had means. Why, it is a shame to even allow the necessity for such a suggestion as sending her to a poorhouse. Calamity Jane is a pioneer. In the early days she was one of the best-known characters in the west. No one came in contact with her who did not feel the benefit of her kindly acts and encouragement. Just now she is over in the Yellowstone country trying to sell her unique book to tourists."

"But the successful day of Calamity Jane is past. Her books no longer sell well. Time was when tourists considered it an honor to buy Jane's books and it was considered a lack of progressiveness to make a trip west and not purchase one of these unique souvenirs."

Two or three weeks ago the desert wind began to blow. It had blown often before and the people of Indio were not alarmed. This time, however, it continued to grow in strength. Fine particles of sand filled the air and still the people were not alarmed. They had had sandstorms before. But not this kind of sandstorm. The wind grew fiercer and fiercer, rolling clouds of sand before it and finally swooping up whole acres of it and hurling it upon the cultivated fields and fruitful gardens of Indio.

At the end of three days, when the desert wind ceased, the whole cultivated region was once more an arid desert, buried under sand many feet deep. Not a green thing was spared. Everything had been obliterated by the fierce breath of the simoon. The jealous desert had claimed its own again. Crops, irrigation ditches and improvements valued at over \$1,000,000 had vanished—blotted out by the shifting sand.

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50c Hays' Hair Health	39c
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